

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

IN our issue of next week we shall announce the names of the six books published in 1899 which we have selected for the ACADEMY's awards to authors in recognition of sincerity and thoroughness in literary art. The sum of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas will be divided into six portions of Twenty-five Guineas each. These will be awarded to the authors of books, representing various branches of literature, which, in our opinion, have not received the notice they deserve.

OUR issue of next week will also contain a Special Supplement containing a survey of recent educational publications, with articles of interest on the subject.

It is said that the competition between publishers for books about the war is much less keen than was foreshadowed at the outbreak of hostilities. This is quite natural considering the enormous number of writing men, either accredited correspondents or freelances, who are in South Africa or on their way there, the majority of whom will probably write books. War volumes may be expected from Mr. G. W. Steevens, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Julian Ralph, and Mr. Knight. It will be interesting to see who is first in the field. Mr. G. W. Steevens, who, we are glad to hear, is convalescent, has had plenty of leisure at Ladysmith to write a book on the siege.

THE speed with which Dr. Nansen gave to the world a popular account of his famous Arctic expedition is only equalled by the deliberation with which he has prepared his scientific records of the same expedition. These are now just nearing completion: they will form a series of "memoirs," which Messrs. Longmans will publish. Recognising the comparative newness of his subject, and the problems he deals with, Dr. Nansen has entered into great detail. He will give in most cases his original observations in full, so that the reader may compare his conclusions with his facts.

"ELEANOR," Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, begins in the January number of *Harper's Magazine*. The opening chapter is placed in Italy in a villa fifteen miles from Rome, and introduces us to a brilliant youth with a political past, a charming woman who is in love with him, and a visitor with whom he is apparently destined to fall in love. Mr. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" opens in *Scribner's*. It is the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*, begins with the arrival of Tommy in London with his sister Elspeth, and launches him as a writer who suddenly becomes celebrated with a book called *Letters to a Young Man about to be Married*. The chapter is full of Mr. Barrie's particular humour, and contains a delightful sketch of a Colossus among writers of penny stories, one O. P. Pym.

HERMANN SUDERMANN's new play, on which he has been at work for the past year, is to be entitled "Johannisfeuer," the name given to the midsummer-day sports common in Germany. It preserves the mystical element found in his "Three Heron Feathers." The new play is to be produced at the Lessing Theatre.

OUR Mr. Winston Churchill is about to publish a novel called *Savrola: a Tale of the Revolution in Laurania*. "Our" Mr. Winston Churchill is, of course, the Mr. Winston Churchill, author of *The River War*, who has done such splendid work for the *Morning Post* in South Africa. He is not the American Mr. Winston Churchill, author of the successful novel *Richard Carvel*. The two writers are not related in any way. The only connexion between them is the remarkable fact that they bear the same Christian and surnames. "Their" Mr. Winston Churchill is the only son of Mr. E. S. Churchill, of Portland, Maine. He is twenty-eight years of age. "Our" Mr. Winston Churchill is the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He is twenty-five years of age.

THE dedication of *Parson Kelly*, Mr. A. E. W. Mason's and Mr. Andrew Lang's new novel of the Pretender days, is as follows:

TO THE

BARON TANNEGUY DE WOGAN

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF A HOUSE ILLUSTRIOUS FOR ITS
ANTIQUITY:

IN PROSPERITY SPLENDID: IN EXILE AND POVERTY
GAY AND CONSTANT: OF LOYALTY UNSHAKEN;

IS DEDICATED

THIS NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON THE DEEDS OF HIS ANCESTOR,
THE CHEVALIER NICHOLAS DE WOGAN.

DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART's novel, which is on the eve of publication, will be called *Castle or Manor?* It is described as a story of social life, and was completed some time ago. To publish a first novel at the age of seventy-three is something of a feat.

THE second number of the *King* contains a picture that marks a new departure in the history of illustrated journalism. It is a photograph of Lord Methuen directing the Battle of Magersfontein, which was taken by the "telephoto" lens, an adaptation of the telescope to photography, at a distance of over a quarter of a mile.

LORD ROSSLYN, who has found time in the midst of his stage work to edit *Scottish Life*, is now on his way to South Africa to represent the *Daily Mail* and the *Sphere*.

THE *Spear* is the title of a new paper registered at Stationers' Hall in the name of Sir William Ingram.

THE *Ladysmith Lyre*—of which copies have reached this country—is amusing, even in London. The Editor says:

The *Ladysmith Lyre* is published to supply a long-felt want. What you want in a besieged town, cut off from the world, is news which you can absolutely rely on as false. The rumours that pass from tongue to tongue may, for all you know, be occasionally true. Our news we guarantee to be false. In the collection and preparation of falsehoods we shall spare no effort and no expense.

We call Sir Walter Besant's immediate attention to the *Lyre's* notice to contributors:

Accepted contributions will be paid for at the rate of £10 per 100 words, or portion thereof, over the first hundred, which will be accepted gratis.

No contribution will be accepted which exceeds 100 words.

We feel an interest in the prospects of publishing at Ladysmith.

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

New edition just published, revised, and enlarged:

"Minor Tactics"—By Major-General Sir F. Clery, &c., &c., with an appendix, on the function and management of armoured trains.

"Deep Level Mining and the Mineral Riches of Ladysmith"—By the Saddler-Sergeant of the I.L.II.

"Ladysmith Revisited"—A volume of poems, by Silent Susan (shortly).

"From Park Lane to Pretoria"—By Winston L. Spencer Churchill (in preparation).

"A Handy Guide to Ladysmith"—By 2nd Lieut. Hooper, 5th Lancers (ready).

"Natal by Road and Rail"—By Commandant Schiel.

But is no one writing a volume of "Things Seen" at Ladysmith?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* sends from Russia a curious and unpleasant account of the application of the censorship to English books arriving in Russia as Christmas presents. These, being obviously innocent, are not treated with obliterative "caviare," they are merely ripped to pieces with a dissecting knife, "presumably in search of revolutionary literature." Nursery books and pictorial A B C's are mutilated in this barbarous way. Even Dickens is detained:

A neighbour of mine purchased some three months ago the *Daily News* edition of Dickens. The books have been lying at the censor's office for a month past, although it is perfectly well known to the officials that the great English writer nowhere refers to Russia. All Dickens's works are now translated into Russian. Perhaps in another month or so the official will grant his *imprimatur* to my neighbour; but there is no use in attempting to hurry the censor, who is a *tschinovrik* against whom no appeal or protest will carry.

We should like to have Sam Weller's comments on this subject. Or Mr. Dooley's.

PERPETUAL Copyright did not commend itself to Dr. Johnson. Miss E. C. M. Dart writes to us: "While reading my Boswell the other day, I chanced upon a passage which struck me with added interest, for it was concerned with that burning question of literary copyright and its tenure. So I copy it for those readers of the ACADEMY who may not remember and yet appreciate its purport, or at least attach a certain significance to the opinion 'of that great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson.' The point at issue was an Edinburgh bookseller's action in selling cheap editions of popular English books in defiance of the supposed common-law right of literary property. Boswell says: 'It is remarkable that when the great question concerning literary property came to be ultimately tried before the supreme tribunal of this country, in consequence of the very spirited exertions of Mr. Donaldson (the erring

bookseller), Dr. Johnson was zealous against a perpetuity; but he thought that the term of the exclusive right of authors should be considerably enlarged. He was then for granting a hundred years.'"



In *Prayers from the Poets* (Blackwood), the cover-design of which we reproduce, we have an anthology happily inspired, and worked out with skill and care. The compilers, Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. Cecil Headlam, have drawn their material from a great many sources, and have sought and found permission to print a number of copyright verses. The editors' catholicity of taste is shown by their inclusion of poems so widely different as Henry Vaughan's "Lord, bind me up, and let me die," and Mr. Henley's "Out of the night that covers me," which appear on the same page. A poem which Messrs. Magnus and Headlam may like to note is contained in Mrs. Charlotte

P. Stetson's recent volume, *In This Our World*:

O God! I cannot ask Thee to forgive;
I have done wrong.
Thy law is just; Thy law must live—
Whoso doth wrong must suffer pain.
But help me to do right again—
Again be strong.

A FRIEND of the late R. L. Stevenson writes: "Here is a specimen of the way our Italian friends do their 'conveyancing,' it is taken from a publisher's advertisement. The italics are mine:

"Il Portone del Sire de Malétoit, Novella di Anderson, tradotta da Sofia Fortini-Santarelli; Citta di Castello: S. Lapi, Tipografo-Editore 1899."

WE believe that the open access system in Free Libraries has worked very badly in some instances, books being stolen, or mislaid, while a larger staff is rendered necessary. But the Librarian at Croydon finds human nature pretty good: he reports that the books are not stolen, that they are not often mislaid, and that the staff is rather reduced than increased, while the number of books issued has gone up by many hundreds since the system was adopted.

In her Introduction to the new edition of *Shirley* (Smith, Elder), Mrs. Humphry Ward prepared us for a warm eulogy of *Villette*. Nor are we disappointed. Referring to Mrs. Gaskell's statement that *Villette* "was received with one burst of acclamation," Mrs. Ward says:

There was no question then among "the judicious," and there can be still less question now, that it is the writer's masterpiece. It has never been so widely read as *Jane Eyre*; and probably the majority of English readers prefer *Shirley*. The narrowness of the stage on which the action passes, the foreign setting, the very fulness of poetry, of visualising force, that runs through it, like a fiery stream bathing and kindling all it touches down to the smallest detail, are repellent or tiring to the mind that has no energy of its own responsive to the energy of the writer,

But not seldom the qualities which give a book immortality are the qualities that for a time guard it from the crowd—till its bloom of fame has grown to a safe maturity, beyond injury or doubt.

MANY English readers have hardly heard the name of Mr. E. L. Godkin, who for many years has had the reputation of being one of the strongest and most brilliant journalists in the United States. As editor of the New



MR. E. L. GODKIN.

York *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, the second paper being practically a weekly edition of the first, Mr. Godkin has given and taken hard blows since 1882. He has just retired from the editorship of these papers in consequence of ill-health, said to have been contracted while he was in London last summer. Mr. Godkin's early journalistic training was English, for it was as correspondent of the *Daily News* in the Crimean War that he started work. It is now Mr. Godkin's privilege to sit in his arm-chair and read divergent opinions on himself and his career. For instance, these:

The "Critic" (New York).

During the period of reconstruction after the Civil War, and in the long-continued struggles for tariff reform, the purification of the ballot, the elevation of the civil service, the establishment of the finances of the country on a sound basis, the separation of municipal affairs from state and national politics, and, finally, the curbing of the present lust for expansion by force of arms, he has been an aggressive and persistent fighter. No one identified with journalism in New York rivals him in the length and brilliancy of his service; and on the occasion of his receiving the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1897, a leading English writer declared him to be perhaps the most distinguished of living journalists.

It is not often, by the way, that a critic flatters more than a mirror.

WHEN we enumerated some weeks ago Dr. Conan Doyle's many qualifications for making himself valuable in South Africa, we ended by remarking that he was a

good surgeon. It is as a surgeon, we find, that Dr. Doyle is to go out. He will be attached to the Langman Field Hospital. An epigrammatist contributes the following to *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*:

MAJOR CONAN DOYLE, V.C.

Said Dr. Robertson Nikola concerning Sherlock Holmes (Who's volunteered for Africa as a change from writing tomes):

"He cannot well ignore the least of medical cues,
For the modern soldier learns to fight by Multiple Reviews."

THE statistics of book-production for 1899 just issued by the *Publishers' Circular* present some unusually interesting features. To begin with, in spite of the war and the disturbed conditions that preceded it, the number of new books and new editions in 1899 exceeded by fifty those of 1898. Other things to note are these:

In fiction the number of new editions is 88 greater than in 1898. That is a healthy sign.

In belles-lettres, essays, monographs, &c., there is an increase of 102 books over 1898.

In poetry an increase of 23 volumes.

Oddly enough, political and kindred books have fallen by 70 from the total of 1898, and by 177 from the total of 1897.

THERE is always room for solid, well-printed and bound reprints of the classics, and we have no hesitation in commending the new "Library of English Classics" just begun to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The books in this library are in a rather large octavo size, and are bound in dull red canvas. Each book has a bibliographical note, otherwise it is left to shine in its own light, and by the aid of the best typography. The series has started with *The Plays of Sheridan and Bacon's Essays and Advancement of Learning*. Complete and accurate texts may be looked for in this series, which will speedily include Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (2 vols.), Shelton's *Don Quixote* (3 vols.), Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (3 vols.), Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (5 vols.), a collection from De Quincey, and many other standard works. The price is 3s. 6d. net per volume.

FROM *The Philistine*, of East Aurora, N.Y.:

NOTICE.—Systematic attempts having been made by the tribe of Romeike to secure the gifted author of the *Rubaiyat* as a subscriber for clippings, this is to notify all parties that Col. Khayyam doesn't care a dam what the newspapers say about him, one way or the other.

MR. WALTER RALEIGH, whose treatise on Style won him some honour two years ago, has recently delivered an address on "The Study of Arts in a Modern University" to the students of the University College at Liverpool. The address is the first of a series of annual addresses to be delivered to the students in the Faculty of Arts. Mr. Raleigh's address sparkles, as his book did, with neat thoughts expressed in rather lapidary diction, as witness these sentences:

The poetry of Catullus has survived the passing of a religion and an empire; the diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys will be as fresh as at the day of its birth when the Forth Bridge is oxide of iron and London a geological pancake of brickdust.

It is not likely that man will ever be dangerously reluctant to form moral judgments, and to act upon them. But that, he cannot and will not understand—that is his daily disease; so that his morality becomes a kind of wandering ague, shaking him with hot and cold fits. "Rousseau, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is a very bad man. . . . I should like to have him work in the plantations." There is then no more to be said. But if you study

Rousseau in his own world and his own country, how engrossing and difficult a study it is, and what gleams of lofty thought flash through the clouds of sentimentality and mania that veil his head!

Charles Darwin sauntered into the garden of Literature, one day in his later years, and remarked, with rare and admirable candour, that the plays of Shakespeare made him sick. The remark is weightier, and more interesting, than the majority of literary criticisms.

It will be understood that without their contexts these extracts indicate, rather than convey, Prof. Raleigh's thoughts.

In a "Thing Seen" published in our last issue, called "The Lower Criticism," the troubled Beadle of a Public Garden, opening his heart to a sympathetic friend, remarks that "the new Bible Dictionary plays havoc—great havoc, sir—with the Bible." Messrs. T. & T. Clark ask us to state that the remark did not apply to their publication called *The Dictionary of the Bible*, edited by Dr. Hastings. A Beadle is a Beadle, but his words should not be liable to misconception. Acting on his behalf we gladly make the correction.

Bibliographical.

AFTER what I have already said in this column on the subject of "introductions" to literary classics, I need hardly say how delighted I am that in Messrs. Macmillan's new series of such things "introductions" are to be conspicuous by their absence. That is why I am able to congratulate the said firm for once more putting before us Mandeville's *Travels*, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Walton's *Lives and Angler*, White's *Selborne*, and so forth. To judge from the frequent reproductions of the same works, one would imagine English literary classics to be singularly few! The edition of Sheridan's *Plays* I rather welcome because, though it has had several predecessors, cheap and otherwise, it was always possible to improve upon them. A very attractive book in many ways was Sheridan's *Comedies*, as published in England fifteen years ago, with "introductory" matter by Mr. Brander Matthews, and pictorial illustrations by E. A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhardt, Fred. Barnard, &c. In this volume "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" were reprinted from the edition of 1821, which was prefaced by Moore. Unfortunately "The Critic" and "The Duenna" were omitted from this volume; the rest (such as "St. Patrick's Day" and "Pizarro") one can very well do without.

One is inclined to be very well pleased that the bibliographical part of Messrs. Macmillan's new series should be undertaken by Mr. A. W. Pollard, who is also to choose the editions to be reproduced. Mr. Pollard, as all know, has already done good work in the direction of illustrating by his pen the history of English literature. There is, for example, his little book on *English Miracle Plays*, now nearly ten years old. Then there are his *Chaucer Primer* and his *Early Illustrated Books*, both belonging to 1893. Add to these his *Odes from the Greek Drama*, and it will be seen that Mr. Pollard is a scholar in whose hands literary classics may safely be left.

Talking of classics, there are those which the Scottish Text Society proposes to give us in a new shape by and by. For instance, Archdeacon Bellenden's translation of five books of Livy's *Annals*; secondly, the works of Robert Henryson, of which, I fancy, there is not at present a complete edition, though some of them were reprinted by the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs; thirdly, the Hymns or Sacred Songs of Alexander Hume (1599), which have long awaited reproduction; and the Scots works of James I. of England, whose prose writings were collected in 1616,

and some of whose work was reprinted by Mr. Arber. For all of these promised new editions something is to be said.

I take it that Mrs. Meynell's monograph on Mr. Ruskin will be rather critical than biographical, or even expository, in form. The biography of the sage has often been written, and its details are familiar to the public. One of the first to deal with it was Mr. J. M. Mather, in a book published in 1883-4. Then there were Mr. W. G. Collingwood's two volumes in 1893, preceded by Mrs. Ritchie's essay in 1892. A good deal of light on Mr. Ruskin's relations with the Pre-Raphaelites has been thrown by a recent volume of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's. On Mr. Ruskin's autobiographical work I need not dwell. The books devoted to criticism of his writings and teachings are fairly numerous. He was dealt with, anonymously, as an Economist in 1884. Mr. E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin* date from 1890; Mr. Collingwood's analysis of his Art-Teaching came out in 1891. Mr. C. Waldstein's discussions of his Work in general and his relation to Modern Thought belong to 1893 and 1894 respectively. It will be remembered that one of the earliest and most enthusiastic critics of Mr. Ruskin was Charlotte Brontë.

A collection of Mr. George Meredith's epigrams! That should be at once easy and difficult to make—easy because of the wealth to choose from, difficult because of the universal brilliancy. Theoretically, one objects to these gatherings together of disconnected sentences; practically, one rather enjoys them, and even finds them useful. That they are popular may be assumed from their increasing number. I do not refer to the more solid books of extracts, such as those of the *Selections* from Mr. Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and the like. I refer to the small anthologies, usually in the form of birthday books, and so forth. There is, for instance, a little book of sentences from Disraeli's writings which I keep habitually at my bedside, together with similar selections from favourite writers. An epigram or a maxim may suggest a whole train of thought; it may even conduce to somnolency! What is certain is, that this sort of book should really be a booklet; one does not want a volume full of maxims or epigrams.

I read the other day, somewhere, a very favourable notice of a new book of verse called *The Foremost Trail*, and written (to quote the title-page) by C. Fox Smith. The reviewer assumed throughout that the author was a man, and, if I remember rightly, made some encouraging remarks about his future career. Now, a reviewer should always be suspicious of initials on a title-page. They are sexless, and may lead one wrong. Sometimes, I believe, they are deliberately placed as traps for the unlucky commentator. However that may be, it is certain that C. Fox Smith is no man, the "C." standing for the word "Cecily"—a name which adorned the title-page of the young lady's first book of verse, published some little time ago. Miss Fox Smith, I am told, is still in her teens, a remarkable testimony to the extent to which the spirit of an English girl can be informed with the most enthusiastic patriotism.

I wrote the other day concerning the difficulty of recording and describing the prose and verse printed in connexion with private clubs and societies—opuscula which must needs be lost to the world if not reproduced some day in volume form. A somewhat similar difficulty meets the bibliographer in the case of the publications issued by theatrical managers in connexion with their various productions. These sometimes have a literary interest, especially when they have reference to Shakespeare's plays. They are usually the work of experts, and occasionally are something more than compilations. There are those who make collections of such fugitive issues; but it is virtually impossible to catalogue them. They have their day and cease to be.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sober and Substantial.

Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates. By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is a man of versatile gift, as we are aware. For years his pen has touched, in the principal reviews, various themes of the day; and his scope has not been limited, while he has always shown himself an accomplished gladiator. But it is as an intellectual gladiator that we chiefly think of him, and as the gladiator of a special cause. He stands to us for the high priest and protagonist of Positivism. Instinctively, at the sound of his name, there leaps to our memory that deft pasquinade—do the younger generation know it?—of Mortimer Collins:

Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists,
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

Wise are their teachers beyond all comparison,
Comte, Huxley, Tindall, Mill, Morley, and Harrison;
Who will adventure to enter the lists
With such a squadron of Positivists?

The squadron, alas! is scattered; *viscerunt*. No longer, in compact ranks, do they ride the fields of literature, and bear down all before them, as (Comte excepted) they did in the earlier times of the century. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison alone survive to witness a reaction against the principles they valiantly championed, and which they still unfaintly maintain. But it is not Mr. Harrison the gladiator who now, in this volume, confronts us. He enters the silken lists of pure literature, controversy (save incidentally) laid aside. Unarmed and pacific, he casts a backward eye upon some of the principal writers who have been his contemporaries, whom he has known in the campaigns of literature. These essays, consequently, cover no small part of the great figures in Victorian letters; and such, he tells us, was the deliberate plan of his book.

Mr. Harrison has very considerable equipment for such a task. His style is always cultivated, equable, lucid, and graceful; though it cannot claim the distinct and individualising stamp which is the token of genius. He has a tolerant appreciation of multifarious excellence; and his taste only falls short of the last and keenest edge with regard to verse. But it does so fall a little short; and also (which is well-nigh an inevitable limitation) his appreciation is confined mainly to the writers of his own youth and prime. Beyond these there is a level line of silence—not the less felt for being mostly inexplicit, *merely* indicated by reticence. In a book which covers (through successive essays) Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, Symonds, Lamb, Keats, Gibbon, Froude, Freeman, and John Stuart Mill, the writer can scarce narrow himself entirely to pure literary criticism. The man must show at intervals through the critic; not only his idiosyncrasy, but his general views, his prejudices, his personal attitude towards life and life's problems. Therefore, as we have hinted, the veteran of Positivism emerges now and again: we are not suffered to forget under what banner Mr. Harrison fights; and the reader, after his several kind, must allow for the critic's peculiar views. For the most part, however, these are expressed with courtesy, if also at times with energy; they are offensive only in the martial sense. It is exceptional to encounter (in the fine essay on "Ruskin as Prophet") a flier at "tender mothers adoring the divine judgment which consigns their children to hell-fire"—exceptional, and we note it with regret. Such an utterance is in hopelessly bad taste, not merely because it is crass, perverse, and unfair—a hit below the belt—but because it is calculated wantonly to wound the deepest feelings of multitudes among Mr. Harrison's fellow-citizens; and especially of the tenderest class. It is as if he had buffeted a woman. So cheap a sneer might be left to the scurrilous rank of

controversialists; it is not worthy of Mr. Harrison—let us trust he will see fit to suppress or modify it. But because of its rarity we note it: Mr. Harrison is not given to hit below the belt.

Not in vain has he studied his favourite master in criticism, Matthew Arnold, whose balance and sanity he conscientiously strives to imitate. Dealing with so various a range of writers, he holds a level balance in regard to all; no easy feat, requiring a judiciously combined with catholicism of taste, not in these hasty days too common. In detail we may, and do, freely dissent from him; but there is seldom much fault to be found with the broad scope and trend of his judgment. This is high praise of essays which compass so large a field. Yet with all their merits they do not rank Mr. Harrison among the illuminative critics; there are neither flashes nor broad lights of insight, bringing to sudden view unsuspected aspects, dark recesses in the great authors analysed. We do not feel as we rise from our reading that we know substantially more of them than we did. The best which is held in solution by the better criticism of our day has been precipitated and presented to us in crystalline form; our most truthful previous impressions are pleasantly confirmed and interpreted to us; but beyond sifting and discrimination these polished essays hardly go. The best of them is perhaps the elaborate study of Ruskin, which runs through three successive essays: it is eloquent, it is enthusiastic—as in these reactionary days a study of Ruskin ought to be; it analyses his prose with understanding love; it defends his greatness as teacher with selective sense of his limits, weaknesses, perfervid extravagances, and appreciation of his power more generous than could be surmised from a rival apostle, professedly out of touch with many of Ruskin's most basic beliefs. But there is like fair-minded justice, if (on account of the subject-matter) less eloquently set forth, in the studies of those two most opposite and antagonistic historians, Froude and Freeman, in the perhaps too genially balanced notice of Addington Symonds.

Perhaps, however, we may study Mr. Harrison's defects and qualities in representative equipose by considering the essay on Arnold. After some remarks on Arnold's admitted felicity as a *phraseur*, he proceeds to discuss his poetry, with the disputable opinion that in poetry he reached his finest vein, and by it will be longest remembered. To this succeeds the assertion that no poet in our literature, unless it be Milton, "has been so essentially saturated to the very bone with the classical genius." Much depends on the interpretation of this sentence, and one must confine it to the poets of Mr. Harrison's own prime. His remarks on the sense in which Arnold is classical—"the serene self-command, the harmony of tone, the measured fitness, the sweet reasonableness of his verse"—would need for their due discussion an essay on what is permanent, essential, universal in Greek poetry, apart from what is local, external, and externally imitable. Mr. Harrison thinks that the full acceptance of Arnold's poetry has yet to come—which we may seriously doubt, calculated as its appeal was for his special time. That Arnold's equableness is attained at the expense of height and passion Mr. Harrison perceives. Arnold is, he says, peculiarly a *gnomic* poet, a moralist on life and conduct. He credits him with seeing into the intellectual world of our age "more deeply and more surely than any contemporary poet." If this somewhat inexplicit sentence means that Arnold reproduced the tone of thought common to the cultured circles of his day, it is true. That is just what he did. But we cannot extend it further. "A resolute and pensive insight into the mystery of life and of things" we cannot discern in him, but rather a resigned pausing at the gates of the mystery. The ethical lesson of nature preoccupies him when he is not dealing directly with human conduct Mr. Harrison recognises. It is no loss to Mr. Harrison—though it is to us—that Arnold,

unlike his beloved preceptor, Wordsworth, halts at the ethical lesson of nature, is insensitive to the spirit within and behind nature which was the solemnly convinced burthen of Wordsworth's song.

To this "concentration of poetry on ethics, and even metaphysics," Mr. Harrison attributes Arnold's limitations and "loss of charm." Yet, at the same time, he says that Arnold, unlike Wordsworth, is "never prosaic." Here it is that we find that falling short of the keenest poetic sense which we have attributed to Mr. Harrison. Arnold, unfortunately, is too often prosaic—for line after line, passage after passage. Perhaps, as a subsequent portion of the essay would suggest, Mr. Harrison is not insensible to this; and we should take him to mean that Arnold is never *prosy*. That is the exact truth; he is too much an artificer to *prose* like Wordsworth, but prosaic he is frequently, to a level extent—that is to say, his language is the language of very fine and distinguished prose. Even when he rises higher, he too often hovers on the doubtful border where we hesitate to pronounce it poetry, are loath to pronounce it prose. And though it is true that the greatest poets are seldom directly didactic, it is not this which depresses Arnold; it is the lack of inspiration to give wings to his thought. The greater the burthen of intellectuality, the more of sheer inspiration is necessary.

"Dramatic passion," "tumultuous passion"—not these, as Mr. Harrison regretfully supposes, does Arnold need. Wordsworth had them not, and yet soared into regions of which Arnold but desirously dreams. It is inspiring emotion, the solemn passion, intense in its still ardour, appropriate to intellectual poetry, which Arnold needs. It is really passion of the intensest order, deceptively calm through its equipoise with the weight of thought. The calm which results from the careful husbanding of effort may imitate it with the multitude, but can never deceive the elect. In the main, Arnold reaches only this latter calm; and that Mr. Harrison should identify it with that inspired tranquillity and impassioned peace of Wordsworth (at his highest), the supreme Greek poets, and Dante, shows that Mr. Harrison—as we say—has not the keenest edge of poetic sensitiveness.

That is why Mr. Harrison feels that Arnold, though faultless, is "not of the highest rank." It is a misnomer, in fact, to call such poets "faultless," whether it be Racine or Arnold, when in line after line there is the blot of absent inspiration, when there is not the only possible word in the only possible place. The greatest of all faults in a poet is to lack poetry, and that is theirs. At the same time Mr. Harrison does not, perhaps, lay sufficient stress upon Arnold's occasional success in touching the mark at which he aimed. The austere and noble sonnet on Shakespeare, with other brief achievements of the kind, are worth more than long poems full of fine thought, but only now and again inevitable in expression. For they are integral; and it is that quality which makes for permanence. Mr. Harrison (in this influenced by Arnold himself) is too apt to set store by detached lines and passages, which poets of no high power can often forge in tolerable quantity, to the great comfort of reviewers who pant for "quotes." He ignores too much the supreme value of relation and organism. Thus he depreciates, justly enough, the quality of Arnold's metre; but the reason he alleges is quite unconvincing and inadequate—namely, that Arnold has lines containing harsh collocations of consonants. The same could be alleged against Shakespeare, could be—and has been—alleged against Milton. Lowell rightly replies that metre may aim either at melody or harmony; that while the former demands smoothness, the larger music of harmony not only admits but makes use of occasional roughnesses, as discords have their function in the harmonies of music proper. To cite these individual lines of Arnold's, disjoined from their relation, proves nothing. Yet Mr. Harrison is right in his judgment, though defective in his reason: Arnold was lacking

in metrical power, though he could strike out fine imitative music in occasional passages.

When we leave details, and attend to Mr. Harrison's summing-up, we find, indeed, that he is mainly right, and that our objections have caught largely on side-issues.

By temperament and by training he, who at birth "was breathed on by the rural Pan," was deprived of that fountain of delight that is essential to the highest poetry, the dithyrambic glow—the *ἀρπύριον γέλασμα*—

The countless dimples of the laughing seas

of perennial poetry. This, perhaps, more than his want of passion, of dramatic power, of rapidity of action, limits the audience of Arnold as a poet. But those who thirst for the pure Castalian spring, inspired by restrained and lofty thoughts, who care for that high seriousness of which he spoke so much as the very essence of the best poetry, have long known that they find it in Matthew Arnold more than in any of his even greater contemporaries.

That is a good specimen of Mr. Frederic Harrison's style, and it states the case for Arnold as a poet with a discrimination which leaves little to desire. Partly, indeed, it agrees with our own criticism of Mr. Harrison's criticism, or so nearly that the difference seems to become inconspicuous. And this excellently exemplifies the studiousness of balance which characterises Mr. Harrison's appreciations. Not once nor twice does he thus in his summary disarm the reviewer, and leave him half-apologetic for differences which are finally made so small. What may in the body of the essay have erred by over-emphasis or omission is here usually rectified and supplied. His picture of Arnold altogether (though he gives less space than we could desire to the prose) is urbane, sympathetic, and observant of poise. If we doubt his forecast of an extended future for Arnold, it is because we think his aloofness from the many is due to more than his mere distinction and those other fastidious causes set forth by Mr. Harrison. Arnold as a teacher was pre-eminently undecided (to use an adjective thrown out by Mr. Harrison himself). A teacher of delicate incertitude, a watchman who has no word of the night, a prophet who disclaims prophecy, and

Whose only message is that he sees nought,

is never likely to have acceptance with the many who still, as of old, ask for a sign. And even among the few his cultivated stoicism and half-complaisant, half-melancholy indecision is scarce likely to be the fashion of the future. Even the cultured and sovereign few now begin to cry for a gospel and a hand from the cloud. But that constant reference to conduct, which Mr. Harrison rightly adjudges his dominant note, will doubtless secure to him long his measure of influence with the practical Saxon mind. His spirit has done a worthy posthumous work in prompting the eminent sanity of Mr. Harrison's extremely able, though not strongly original, book.

A Man of Fashion—and More.

George Selwyn: *His Letters and His Life*. Edited by E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue. (Unwin.)

ALTHOUGH it is natural to regard this book as merely supplementary to the late Mr. Jesse's *George Selwyn and His Contemporaries*, it is nearer the truth to say that it supersedes that work. That is to say, there is more of Selwyn in this one volume than in the four volumes of Jesse. The biographical sketch of Selwyn here given is as good as Jesse's—in some respects it is more discerning—while the body of the work is composed of Selwyn's own letters; not, as in Jesse's volumes, of letters that Selwyn received. How Mr. Jesse missed these letters, or whether he was denied access to them, we do not happen to know. He must have suspected the existence of Selwyn's letters

to the fifth Earl of Carlisle, seeing that he printed the letters of that peer to Selwyn. Fifty-five years after Jesse's volumes were published, these lost letters stole from their obvious hiding at Castle Howard, and ranged themselves in the Fifteenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. There they attracted little attention save from Mr. E. S. Roscoe and Miss Helen Clergue, who are to be thanked for bringing them to our arm-chairs escorted by a discerning memoir and many notes.

Critics are grateful and captious in a breath, and we must point out a few trifling faults of editing before we go further. Selwyn's English is slovenly in grammar and unessential details, but it was a pity to sprinkle *sic's* over his text. Far better have announced George's weakness, and then left him to placate the reader by his good qualities, which he would have done before he had written three letters. As it is the *sic's* are for ever tripping one up. "There has [*sic*] been no events this week that I know of," is the sort of thing, and one soon wearies of seeing so good a fellow as Selwyn checked for writing like a gentleman instead of like a scholar. And the editors have contrived to double the infliction by making it uncertain. So that the absence of a *sic* when Selwyn writes "You was," on page 41, is as trying as its presence when he writes "There has [*sic*] been no events," on page 43. If "terrible [*sic*] long" appears on one page, why should "your extreme kind letter" go unscathed on another?

This is not quite all; the footnotes are pointed and informing, but they are hardly numerous enough. On page 73 two notes are required. We read of Charles James Fox: "Vernon said yesterday, after dinner, that he and some others—Bully, I think, among the rest—had been driven by the rain up into Charles's room; and when they had lugged him out of bed, they attacked him so violently upon what he did at Bath, that he was obliged to have recourse, as he did last year, to an absolute denial of the fact." What was this affair at Bath? Maybe no one knows; but a query at the foot of the page would have been rather better than nothing. Again: "Lady Albemarle, who is not a wise woman, certainly, was at Lady Gower's the other evening, and was regretting only that Charles had not been consumed in the Fire, instead of the linnets." The reader soon understands that the fire was at Holland House, but he would like to know more about the linnets which suffered vicariously for Charles. "I had rather have heard Walter play upon his hump for nothing," comments Selwyn on an expensive evening at Vauxhall; but without a note it is difficult to gauge his regret.

We come to the Letters. Their value is twofold. They are full of matter; they bring back the habits, tones, and follies of high life in the most interesting part of the eighteenth century. Reading them, we catch the manners as they flew when George III. was king and America was rebellious. In 1781 Selwyn writes to his young friend—the Carlisle of these Letters: "I have . . . a perpetual source of intelligence, for although *je ne fais rien qui vaille*, I am always doing or hearing something, as much as those who are employed about more important matters, and if among these a circumstance happens to interest or amuse you, *je ne serai pas fâché de vous l'avoir mandée*." Fortunate young Earl! Though often out of London, now abroad, now in Ireland, now ensconced in his seat at Castle Howard, he had in Selwyn a friend, older than himself, who was a kind of lay confessor to the choicest people of the age, who united a love of gossip with a sound judgment, and was never happier than when transmitting smart news and shrewd comment to those whom he loved. Hence these Letters take us into fine company and yield us many secrets. We are constantly at Almack's, at White's, at Holland House. We go to the House of Commons to hear Fox, and leave it to escape Burke. We whisper

dark things about duchesses, and calculate the losses of young bloods at faro. We intrigue for sinecures and punt for fortunes. And always we watch the squalid comedy of Charles James Fox—noblest, weakest of men—giving his eloquence to his country and his furniture to the bailiffs. Let us dwell for a moment on the gambling scenes in which Fox rose and fell, was hated and worshipped. On May 29, 1781, Selwyn writes to his friend:

You must know that for these two days past all passengers in St. James'-street have been amused with seeing two carts at Charles's door filling, by the Jews, with his goods, clothes, books, and pictures. He was waked by Basilico yesterday, and Hare afterwards by his *valet-de-chambre*, they being told at the same time that the execution was begun, and the carts were drawn up against the door. Such furniture I never saw. Betty and Jack Manners are perpetually in a survey of this operation, and Charles, with all Brooks's on his behalf, in the highest spirits. . . . What business is going on I know not, for all the discourse at which I am present turns upon this bank. Offley sat up till past four, and I believe has lost a good part of his last legacy.

Two days later Selwyn reports: "Never was a room so crowded or so hot as this was last night," and then he names the punters. A little later:

The Pharo Bank is held in a manner which, being exposed to public view, bids defiance to all decency and police. The whole town as it passes views the dealer and the punters by means of the candles and the windows being levelled with the ground. The Opposition, who have Charles for their ablest advocate, is quite ashamed of the proceeding, and hates to hear it mentioned.

Gambling pervades many pages, but never to the exclusion of deaths, marriages, divorces, dinners, balls, and levées. Sometimes Selwyn goes down to Gloucester to cajole his electors, and spend some weeks of boredom at his lovely seat, Matson. He makes speeches which he is glad no one hears but the Corporation, and is delighted when Horry Walpole turns up in those benighted parts—"someone to converse with who speaks my own language." If his constituency is tiresome, not less so is Parliament. Between these two boredom Selwyn is never happy unless poised in the beatific regions of St. James's-street. Of literature we do not hear much. Topham Beauclerk seems to be the one link between Selwyn and the Johnsonian circle. Once or twice Selwyn dines with Gibbon. He is not a great reader. One day he buys Mme. Du Barri's *Anecdotes*, and they amuse him; he buys also Dart's *Antiquities of Westminster Abbey*, but seems to think more of the price, £6, than of the book. We are alert when we find him buying Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. But it leaves him cold:

I have bought Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and repent of it already; but I have read but one, which is Prior's. There are few anecdotes, and those not well authenticated; his criticism on the poems, false and absurd, and the prettiest things which he wrote passed over in silence. I told Lord Loughborough what I thought of it, and he had made the same remarks. But he says that I had begun with the life the worst wrote of them all.

In truth Johnson was not an author to lure Selwyn from his wines and his hazards and his own triumphs of wit. Every post brought him letters, every scandal and every posture of affairs in Parliament brought him supplicants for advice. He was liked and pestered by all. He gave sympathy so freely that he came to need it, and the little note of tragedy in Selwyn's life, which was single to the end, is accentuated in this confession to the friend he trusted most:

To find a person who really interests themselves about you, and is able and willing to give you such advice as applies immediately to your case, is of all things in the world most difficult to meet with, but the most comfort-

able when you do, and is the utmost service which I ever expect from anybody in this world, and yet what I despair of finding, in the circle in which I move.

Here, indeed, we come to the second grounds on which we take delight in these Letters: they reveal Selwyn's best self; they make him more lovable and human than he has ever showed before. Hitherto Selwyn has shone in the public memory as a wit, and as a pious attender at executions. But in this book of his own letters his wit is not assertive, and his love of hangings is hardly mentioned. Yet one feels that we have the true Selwyn here. As for his wit, it died with him. The jokes called Selwyn's are mostly sorry reading; probably many of them were not his; and even the best of them lacking Selwyn's manner, and the atmosphere that gave them birth, lack all. We are told that he delivered his witticisms in a listless, drowsy way, turning up the whites of his eyes. Selwyn's love of executions was but his love of variety. Far too much has been made of his journeys to the gallows-tree. It is forgotten that everyone else went, and that his were days when telescopes were regularly placed in the Strand in order that people might gloat on the heads above Temple Bar, at a penny a peep. Apart from his lost wit, and his inessential love of a criminal, Selwyn has been supposed to have been an idle dog. But Lord Chesterfield's chaffing description of his normal day, in a letter to Selwyn himself, has been taken too seriously. Said Chesterfield: "You get up at nine; play with Raton till twelve in your night-gown; then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshawe; are five hours at table; sleep till you can escape your supper reckoning; then make two wretches carry you, with three pints of claret in you, for a shilling." Even if the outline were correct, Selwyn filled it in with a hundred kindly offices and not unworthy social duties. Above all, he filled it with his love of children—a singular trait in this polished clubman.

Selwyn's love for his *Mie Mie* runs like a thread of untarnished gold through all his tangled pleasures. *Mie Mie's* paternity is still a matter of doubt. She was the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, and the Duke of Queensberry and Selwyn each believed himself to be her father. Selwyn would have been awarded the child by Solomon, and, for the most part, she lived in Selwyn's house in Cleveland-row, St. James's, delighting his heart and unconsciously tempering and refining his morals. On June 1, 1781, he writes to Carlisle: "I am at this moment employed *fort pédagogiquement*. I have taken into my own department *Mie Mie's* translations out of English into French. That is, I am at her elbow when she translates, and by that means can see what faults she makes from insufficiency, and what are produced from carelessness. . . . To-day I give a dinner to the bankers [he means the faro bankers at White's]." Although devoted to *Mie Mie*, Selwyn had plenty of love to spare for other children; and his inquiries about George and Caroline, the Earl of Carlisle's children, mingle with, and sweeten, his worldly gossip. "I found myself [at Lady Lucan's] with a party of Irish, Dean Marly, Lady Clermont, and with her Mrs. Jones, whom I was ravished to see, for she had given a ball where Caroline was, and commended her dancing, and I tormented the poor woman with such a number of questions about her, that I believe she thought me distracted. . . . I must be quite wore out with infirmities . . . if seeing Caroline appear to advantage will not give me pleasure." Indeed, there are a hundred things in these pages which go to justify Horace Walpole's eulogy of his friend in his letter to Miss Berry: "I am on the point of losing, or have lost, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. These misfortunes, though they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old; but him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities."

Books of Travel.

The Yangtze Valley and Beyond. By Mrs. I. B. Bishop. (John Murray. 21s.)

Mrs. BISHOP's name will have to be written very large in the list of travellers who have enabled the West to understand the East. This is her twelfth travel volume, and no one needs to be told how much she has added to our knowledge of the regions stretching from Kashmir to Korea. The fact that Lord Salisbury has accepted the dedication of it to himself is the highest proof both of its importance and its interest. Books on China are multiplying nowadays, but they do not always illuminate the country that has been "coming" for centuries. Mrs. Bishop's last work is one on which unstinted praise must be bestowed. Her sympathies are wide, her knowledge is deep, her style is bright, and her photographs deserve most honourable mention. Her opinion of the race of which she is writing is summed up thus: "The Chinese are ignorant and superstitious beyond belief, but, on the whole, with all their faults, I doubt whether any other Oriental race runs so straight." She had experience of their superstition and bigotry at least once in the course of her plucky journey, for she was pelted and insulted as a "foreign devil and child-eater" with a vigour that would have daunted a less daring lady chronicler. The method of her narrative is to carry the reader with her from point to point of her journey, and she avoids the trivialities of travel which are so often apt to weary without enlightening. Politics, domestic life, commercial prospects, scenery, glorious and all but unknown, fall naturally into their places, and by the time that you have read a few chapters, you become aware that you are the wiser by many a little unobtrusive observation on the point of view of one of the most interesting communities in the world. "China is certainly at the dawn of a new era. Whether the twentieth century shall place her where she ought to be—in the van of Oriental nations—or whether it shall witness her disintegration and decay, depends very largely on the statesmanship and influence of Great Britain." That is Mrs. Bishop's view of the Far Eastern question.

The Redemption of Egypt. By W. Basil Worsfold. (George Allen. 25s. net.)

MR. WORSFOLD seems bent on annexing Africa with his pen. Having written a book on South Africa, he has now compiled one on Egypt. He seems to have a clear consciousness of his own limitations, for he tells his readers plainly that in December, 1898, his knowledge of Egypt was contained in four words—Pyramids, Nile, Cairo, Khartoum; but that before the day of his landing ended he had to add a fifth—Mosquito. This is not a very profound, nor is it an original, opening to a work with so serious a title; and one is soon fain to confess a sense of confusion when one finds Theocritus jostling a Chamber of Commerce report, and Catullus called on to compete with Lord Cromer's latest views, all within the compass of some twenty or thirty pages. And as one goes on in this sense of confusion grows, for the author seems to be in haste to prove that he is at one and the same time archaeologist, historian, artist, *littérateur*, and reproducer of a holiday diary, written by himself. He has obviously considerable interest in the subject of which he has chosen to write; but such elementary slips as Lybian for Libyan should not have escaped the eye of a Master of Arts, who can quote Herodotus in a translation. However, there is a deal of instructive fact in the book, and if there were only an index to guide one to it one would feel that a not very judicious enthusiast had added something to our knowledge of the reforms carried out in Egypt since Sir Alfred Milner gave us his masterly work on the subject. Here is a small sample from the end of the last chapter that fairly typifies Mr. Worsfold's capacity of criticism: "But

whether the instruction be confined to the merest rudiments of useful knowledge, or all the sciences of Europe be taught, if only the Gordon College can infuse something of the spirit of the man whose name it perpetuates into its *alumni*, it will prove a potent factor in the regeneration of the Sudan." We are sorry to say it, but most of the author's comments do not rise above this not very lofty pinnacle of platitude. He has compiled somewhat too hastily a mass of records on an extremely interesting subject, and has added many very charming illustrations.

The Land of Contrasts. By J. F. Muirhead. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

MR. MUIRHEAD, as compiler of Baedeker's handbooks to the United States and to Great Britain, has had exceptional chances of "sampling" American characteristics, and he has made most excellent use of his opportunities. Both to those who know, and to those who do not know, the States his series of studies will prove diverting and instructive. Even in America the book should have a good run, for Mr. Muirhead is as kindly a critic as he is well qualified. He has read widely as well as travelled widely, and without parade he draws on his accumulations of study and observation to show John Bull where he may learn from Brother Jonathan. American women, children, journals, amusements, and humour are all surveyed. "If American women have been well treated by their men-folk, they have nobly discharged their debt," he says; but of the child he is not so appreciative. Here is a typical tale of a youthful Transatlantic:

Even in trying circumstances, even when serious misfortune overtakes the youthful American, his *aplomb*, his confidence in his own opinion, does not wholly forsake him. Such a one was found weeping in the street. On being asked the cause of his tears he sobbed out in mingled alarm and indignation: "I'm lost; mammy's lost me; I told the darned thing she'd lose me."

On sport Mr. Muirhead is laudably judicial, though he has some justly hard things to say of football *à l'Américaine*. Thus: "In old English football you kicked the ball; in modern English football you kick the man when you can't kick the ball; in American football you kick the ball when you can't kick the man." In the chapter on "Some Literary Straws" the selections from the late Miss Emily Dickinson's poems will attract mere Britishers, for to most of them she will prove a novelty. There is an abundance of good things on more solid subjects than these. Mr. Muirhead has a light touch, a wide range, shrewd sense, and commendable impartiality.

A New Ride to Khiva. By Robert L. Jefferson. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

ATTEMPTING the impossible remains the pastime of a few; and for some Khiva seems still to have special attractions in this respect. Colonel Burnaby rode there because, as he tells us, he was "contradictorious." They told him the task was impossible. Therefore he undertook it, and accomplished it satisfactorily to himself and with a profitable extension of English knowledge of a region then very little known. Mr. Jefferson's reasons for his ride were similar, if its results are slighter. Some Catford cyclists told him he could not "bike" to Khiva; so, of course, he started off. But he took almost the first train back, and being aware from earlier journeys in Central Asia that he was likely to find little there to reward his journey, can hardly be blamed for not stopping longer.

Here was Khiva, but what a Khiva! I saw irregular lanes bordered by tall gloomy walls, all in an extreme state of decay, stretching here and there. Filthy ditches ran down the centre of these lanes; shadow and gloom were everywhere. The atmosphere was white with dust and reeked horribly. Down these narrow lane-like streets we picked our way cautiously, stumbling in the gloom against

crouching Khivans or kicking out of the way sore and miserable dogs that prowled everywhere. At the corners beggars, blind, maimed, or covered with horrible sores, sat in small clusters with hands outstretched.

Within the compass of thirty pages Mr. Jefferson tells all the little there is to tell of Khiva. Mat Murat, its Premier and the richest man in the city, lives in a mud-built erection. The Khan and his son were courteous but not communicative. Both talked mainly of the Spanish-American war. But, as Mr. Jefferson says, Russia is killing Khiva with a war indemnity she cannot possibly pay, and is sitting by waiting till she dies. The only discovery he made of any live interest is that of a German socialistic colony near Khiva. For the rest, the journey, though a good deal of it is over familiar ground, is brightly described, and the illustrations are numerous and good.

A Dictionary of Bad Puns.

A Dictionary of English Homonyms. By A. F. Inglott Bey. (Kegan Paul.)

WHAT is a homonym that it should have a dictionary all to itself? What is a homonym? we asked. "It is some sort of relation to a synonym," said one. "It is a kind of horse," said another, wiser and more flippant, vaguely remembering Gulliver and his goings on. A few moments of philological reasoning, however, brought the conviction, which was confirmed by a glance at the preface, that homonyms are English words, similar in sound but differently spelled, conveying different meanings. A further examination of the pages of the dictionary discloses myriads of words, such as "centaur," "centre," "sender," which sound a little alike, followed by definitions of their respective meanings. The author must have taken an amazing amount of trouble, but it is not easy to imagine anyone to whom the book could be of the slightest use. As the preface itself is written in three languages—English, French and Italian, he presumably hopes to aid the foreigner in his struggle with the English tongue. We will quote the paragraphs devoted to one word—"hair":

HAIR, *n.* *hâr*, the mass of filaments growing from the skin or bulbous root of animals.

Capelli.

Cheveux.

Hare, *n.* *hâr*, a well-known timid animal like a rabbit.

Lepre.

Lièvre.

Her, *pro.* *hër*, objective case of She.

Lei; colei.

Son; sa; elle; lui; la.

From the translations appended one would infer that Mr. Inglott Bey was seeking to give the Frenchman and the Italian a clue to the maze of English phonetics. But if the foreign student did not know the meaning of "hair," he would not get much information from the statement that it was the mass of filaments growing from the skin or bulbous root of animals. Moreover, the list is obviously incomplete. If we are to hedge against the possible misconceptions of the Frenchman who is taking down an English speech, we must not omit "heir," "air," "e'er," "here," "hear," "ear," and so on. Turning the pages at random we come to "cousin." The intelligent foreigner is warned against confusing the "son or daughter of an uncle or aunt" with "chosen." Surely the stranger who cannot observe the distinction for himself would do better to remain on his native soil. Nor do we think it necessary to write a book to persuade people that "craze" is not the same word as "grays," and to define the latter as "Horses called so from their colour of black and white."

Perhaps, however, we are on the wrong tack. After all, a homonym is only a pun writ large; and if the author were not so tremendously serious, we should at once

conclude that he had foreseen a revival of the Gaiety burlesque, and had compiled a dictionary of homonyms for the benefit of possible successors to Mr. Burnand and the late Mr. H. B. Farnie. When we find under "earring" such words as "erring," "hearing," "herein," and "herring" suspicion is justifiable. Surely Mr. Inglott Bey has compiled a dictionary of puns. Remembering the absurd suggestion that a homonym is a horse, we turn up the word, and to our astonishment it is not there. Incredulous, we glance at the opposite page. Yes, here is "hoarse." Surely here we have innumerable pitfalls for the unwary foreigner, infinite opportunities for the bad punster. But whether he aims at the foreign student or the native jester, Mr. Inglott Bey fails miserably: he gives only "horse" as a homonym to "hoarse," and defines it as "the animal that neighs." One might as well define man as the animal that writes dictionaries. If, as we gather from this work, "except" is a homonym to "expect," and "higher" to "eyre" (what is an Eyre apart from a Spottiswoode?), the author has missed golden opportunities here. Picture the foreigner astray or the punster agape among the homonyms to "horse"! "Oars," "hawse," "haws," "awes," "hoers," "erse," "hearse," "O. R.'s," "ours," "hours" — why Mr. Inglott Bey might have written a shelf-full of volumes before he had done with his homonyms, in which case he would worry the foreign student back to his native land, and reduce punning to an absurdity. As it is, he has written an inadequate dictionary of bad puns.

An Articulate Colony.

The Long White Cloud. By William Pember Reeves. (Horace Marshall & Son. 6s. net.)

MOTHERS remember their sons, mother-countries forget them. There is always a long period of neglect, broken only by fits of irritation: it is the child that is loyal. We see this to-day when colony after colony offers us help. And this book—which has reached a second edition and is worthy to reach a third and a fourth—makes a proud and undeniable claim on the mother-country. New Zealand has had its share of shrugs and buffets from England; but it has fought and pushed its way to manhood, and it now sends us this vivid story of its struggles, in which there is no reproach save what we read between the lines. Let us say at once that New Zealand has found an eloquent spokesman in Mr. Reeves. His book is really a book, having soul and speech; and therefore it is fascinating reading. How strange that the struggles of our young colonies have not been recognised as literary material of the finest, the most piquant!

Mr. Reeves knows New Zealand from end to end, and has been concerned in the administration of the country; we are not, therefore, surprised that he has information. What pleases us is that his book is an artistic fusion of all the elements in New Zealand life. There are no abrupt transitions, no yawning gaps. Mr. Reeves understands that what we need is a complete picture of the country, as a thoughtful Englishman would see and experience it if he settled at Auckland to-morrow. This is what he gives, and it was a point of wisdom to begin with the scenery of the islands. At once he enchants and allures us by his descriptions of the "cool, noiseless forests" of New Zealand, with their mingled dignity and luxuriance, their wealth of lichens, ferns, waving lianas, and the wonderful pohutu kawa, a flowering tree, which the wind tosses into strange contrasts of colour as its blood-red flowers mingle with the upper (dark) and lower (white) sides of its leaves. As a whole, New Zealand, in both its north and south islands, is a land of mountains and rivers. Some of its mountains recall the west of Scotland, but their heights are alpine. To see the rivers

one must go inland and find them "as they are still to be found in the North Island, winding through untouched valleys, under softly-draped cliffs, or shadowed by forests not yet marred by man; or, in the South Island, they should be watched in the Alps as, milky or green-tinted, their ice-cold currents race through the gorges."

All through these pages one is under a strange spell. Here is a country where English law and order prevail with more than English freedom, where you may wear a tall hat in a canoe rowed by Maoris, where you may read the latest London news, and listen to smoke-room tales of cannibalism sixty years ago. A free, clean country, full of hope and Nature, touched with the romance of a dying race, and thrilling with the uncrowded activities of a new one. Not without blood and error has New Zealand become a white man's paradise. From October 6, 1769, when Nicholas Young, a boy on Captain Cook's *Endeavour*, sighted the first bit of New Zealand ever seen by English eyes, down to the present day, a strange and varied drama unrolls itself. Human greed and injustice stain its pages, yet the pages brighten as we turn them. We can do no more than indicate the trend of the narrative, preferring to record its ultimate impress on the mind. Mr. Reeves understands the Maori race and the pathos of their hospitality to the white man. The adventures of gold-seekers and land-sharks, the efforts and failings of missionaries, the aims of politicians and the destinies that overruled them, are set forth with masterly clearness. And what of young New Zealand to-day? What is its manner of life? "Two-thirds of the New Zealanders live in the country, in villages, or in towns of less than 5,000 inhabitants. . . . There are very few spots in the towns where trees, flower-gardens, and grass are not close at hand, and even orchards and fields not far away. . . . Bright, windy, and full of the salt of the ocean, the air is perhaps the wholesomest on earth." The intellectual life of the people is in its youth. Let Mr. Reeves characterise the sons of the pioneers:

Of artistic, poetic, or scientific talent, of wit, originality, or inventiveness, there is yet but little sign. In writing they show facility often, distinction never; in speech fluency and force of argument, and even, sometimes, lucidity, but not a flash of the loftier eloquence. Nor has the time yet arrived for Young New Zealand to secure the chief prizes of its own community—such posts and distinctions as go commonly to men fairly advanced in years. No native of the country has yet been its Prime Minister or sat amongst its supreme court judges or bishops. A few colonial-born have held subordinate Cabinet positions, but the dozen leading Members of Parliament are just now all British-born. So are the leading doctors, engineers, university professors, and preachers; the leading barrister is a Shetlander. Two or three, and two or three only, of the first-class positions in the civil service are filled by natives. On the whole, Young New Zealand is, as yet, better known by collective usefulness than by individual distinction.

We can pay Mr. Reeves no higher compliment than to say that his book gives the town-pent English reader a heart-ache. The "Long White Cloud" is a cloud such as a child watches, and longs to inhabit.

Rosebery on Peel.

Sir Robert Peel. By Lord Rosebery. (Cassell & Co.)

LAST year the private papers of the great Sir Robert Peel were judiciously edited and given to the public. Lord Rosebery's review of those volumes originally appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, but as that publication is not for all men, he has done wisely to republish his article in volume form. The little book is doubly interesting. It gives us a very fine portrait of Sir Robert in certain aspects, and it also throws a powerful sidelight on Lord Rosebery himself. Ostensibly the ex-Premier is writing of his great

predecessor, but behind the rugged mask of Peel we often see the rounder features of Lord Rosebery. Nothing, for example, could be more delightfully personal than the following passage. It is not often we enjoy seeing a man who has held one of the highest positions on earth baring his own heart under the pretence of dissecting another man:

"What is a Prime Minister? That is a question which it would require a pamphlet to answer, but in a few sentences it may be possible to remove a few hallucinations. For the title expresses much to the British mind. To the ordinary apprehension it implies a dictator, the duration of whose power finds its only limit in the House of Commons. So long as he can weather that stormful and deceptive ocean he is elsewhere supreme. But the reality is very different. The Prime Minister, as he is now called, is technically and practically the chairman of an Executive Committee of the Privy Council, or rather, perhaps, of Privy Councillors—the influential foreman of an executive jury. His power is mainly personal, the power of individual influence. That influence, whatever it may be, he has to exert in many directions, before he can have his way. He has to deal with the Sovereign, with the Cabinet, with Parliament, and with public opinion, all of them potent factors in their various kinds and degrees. To the popular eye, however, heedless of these restrictions, he represents universal power; he is spoken of as if he had only to lay down his views of policy and to adhere to them. That is very far from the case. A First Minister has only the influence with the Cabinet which is given him by his personal arguments, his personal qualities, and his personal weight. But this is not all. All his colleagues he must convince, some he may have to humour, some even to cajole: a harassing, laborious, and ungracious task. Nor is it only his colleagues that he has to deal with; he has to masticate their pledge, given before they joined him, he has to blend their public utterances, to fuse as well as may be all this into the policy of the Government; for these various records must be reconciled, or glossed, or obliterated. A machinery liable to so many grains of sand requires obviously all the skill and vigilance of the best conceivable engineer. And yet without the external support of his Cabinet he is disarmed. The resignation of a colleague, however relatively insignificant, is a storm signal.

This is a long quotation, but hardly a word could be omitted without destroying its value. It possesses a keen and vivid interest which few essays on the person and policy of Sir Robert Peel, or any other statesman of the past, have for the living generation. Nominally it deals with the Prime Minister and the Cabinet of the early 'forties; actually it pictures for us those of the early 'nineties. Every man may guess for himself the colleagues who had to be convinced, to be humoured, to be cajoled. Some, perhaps, will do it for the forgotten ministry of Sir Robert Peel; more, we suspect, will search for those who filled the various rôles in the Earl of Rosebery's own Cabinet five or six years ago.

As the judicious will observe from the extract quoted, Lord Rosebery's style is not impeccable. It is usually fresh; it is frequently vivid, and the little inelegancies are probably due to careless revision. But the voice of the public speaker is heard all through the book. As we read we seem to hear the orator punctuating his phrases with his fist, or cunningly leading up to a passage which almost demands "loud cheers," in brackets, after it. At other times Lord Rosebery lapses into the grandiloquence of Gibbon—as, for instance, in the following passage: "But as to the philippics arising from Peel's refusal, it may perhaps be felt by politicians that it would be a churlish and mawkish morality which would deny to baffled ambition the natural outlet of invective and lampoon." This is a splendidly purple patch, but it has not many fellows.

Of Lord Rosebery's estimate of Peel it may be said that it is quite tolerant and appreciative. Evidently Sir Robert has long been a hero with the ex-Premier. In under a hundred widely-printed pages Lord Rosebery has succeeded

in giving a very pleasant picture of his subject, but he has done so much more by way of self-portraiture that the interest in the man of the forties pales before the interest in the man of to-day.

Milton's Autobiography.

An Introduction to John Milton. By Hiram Corson. (Macmillan.)

PROBABLY few readers of the ACADEMY ever heard that Milton wrote an autobiography. He did not, indeed, in the obvious and literal sense of the statement; but he was so interested through life in the history of his own career, and incorporated so many references to it into his writings, that from these references almost alone his tale might be told. Of course such passages have been used often enough by Prof. Masson and others for biographical purposes; but to consult them at first hand you must disentangle them from a mass of irrelevant and sometimes repellent controversy. Prof. Corson has had the happy thought to string them together in the chronological order of the events to which they refer, and thus to make of them a most valuable introduction or companion to all editions or lives of the poet. Our gratitude to him would have been even greater if he had been content to publish a small book, and had not thought it necessary to pad it out to three times its normal size by appending fully annotated and perfectly superfluous editions of "Comus," "Lycidas," and "Samson Agonistes." No doubt these are, in a sense, autobiographical; but they certainly do not, like the other passages, want collecting, and still less editing.

Looking through this volume we are struck once again with the remarkable and, as far as we know, unparalleled fashion in which Milton, having formed a great literary ambition in early life, and having been debarred for twenty years by the stress of the world's work from realising it, yet kept it before him throughout, until the day came when he could turn serenely to the great achievement. Let us trace briefly the evidence of this singular obsession by an idea through two decades. In 1637, the year of "Lycidas," Milton writes to his friend, Charles Diodati: "You ask me what I am thinking of? So may the good Deity help me, of immortality! And what am I doing? Growing my wings and meditating flight." Three years later the Long Parliament called Milton from his dreams to practical life—to the scholar's share in practical life, which is controversy. But in his most arid or his least savoury pamphlet he will from time to time wax lyrical and great at the thought of what for him, and for England, the future has in its womb. Hear him in the *Considerations of Reformation in England*:

Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, someone may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate the Divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages.

Hear him in the *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence*:

And he that now for haste snatches up a plain ungarnished present as a thankoffering to Thee, which could not be deferred in regard of Thy so many late deliverances wrought for us one upon another, may then perhaps take up a harp, and sing Thee an elaborate song to generations.

But, to conclude, the best passages are found in *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, where he goes back over his own youth, and tells how

I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

Fiction.

The Enchanter. By U. L. Silberrad.
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

THERE is something unusual and something strong in this novel. Though it shows many faults, the author has imported into it a forceful freshness which must necessarily attract. The figure of Nicholas Pycroft, whose boyish ambition it is to be an "enchanter," and who ends as a scientist of European fame, is original and rather charming. His early predilection for the companionship of Nature, his simple and passionate interest in all forms of life and all natural phenomena (even to an abandoned river-bed), his sensitiveness to the *feeling* of places, his directness of intercourse, and that absolute reliance upon instinct which carries him safe through difficult crises: these things—characteristics not often recommending themselves to our novelists—are well rendered, and they constitute a hero of real nobility. For us Nicholas Pycroft is the whole book. We do not consider that there is much else in it which can be called entirely satisfactory. The "enchantment" business—ruined tower, Eastern MS., elixir of life, vampire, insane genius, death-struggle amid the inevitable thunderstorm—is certainly not satisfactory, though the author does her best to be effective with the outworn material.

Slowly, very slowly, the two figures, which looked like one in the dim light of the low fire, turned. Nicholas was uppermost now; in the long pause that followed he wondered by what accident it had happened. How the wind screamed! He had never heard it scream so before. How the old Tower rocked, rocked, swayed with a strange sickening sway; had the end come? No, the foundation still held, the walls were almost motionless again, only shuddering. Something fell in the room beneath, and here, in this room, five bottles on a high shelf came tottering to the ground. One held some red solution: it streamed across the uneven floor and then settled in a hollow, looking like a pool of blood.

Slowly, very slowly, the figure beneath was relaxing its hold, and ever, as it loosened, the grasp of him who was uppermost tightened, till it was as the grasp of death.

This is not good. Nor is Nicholas's love-affair good. At the beginning of the book, when Nicholas, the village boy, and Ira, the proud child of rank, come together, and Ira orders Nicholas about, and Nicholas obeys her and snubs her within the same hour—we know that the pair will marry, after the girl has spent a sufficient number of years in hating the youth. It has been done a hundred times before, and it will be done a hundred times yet again. But there seems no valid reason why Miss Silberrad should have done it. And in particular there seems no reason why she should have taken her heroine and villain to a remote spot in Asia, and there caused the hero to free the heroine from an imprisonment wickedly contrived by the villain. The Asiatic scenes are quite unconvincing.

Miss Silberrad writes with correctness, and her style is clear and terse. She does not, however, appear to have any feeling for verbal dignity and beauty, and if a phrase of the street serves her purpose she will use it. Few novelists have any feeling for verbal dignity and beauty, but Miss Silberrad's promise is such that she ought to cultivate that feeling; without it she will never do herself justice.

Cold Steel. By M. P. Shiel.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE title of this novel of the reign of Henry the Eighth is fairly descriptive of its contents. The story contains more fighting than any novel that we remember—not excepting *The Three Musketeers*. Mr. Shiel appears to have had it in mind to imitate Dumas' methods of narration, or rather his mannerisms, especially in the disposition of paragraphs and the frequency of short lines. One is inclined to think

sometimes that he wrote *Cold Steel* at so many francs per line, like Eugène Sue his *feuilletons*. But these are merely superficial characteristics. There is good stuff in *Cold Steel*, partly obscured beneath various affectations. The central point of the tale is a girl named Laura Ford, of peerless beauty—the male characters call her "a tasty moppet"—who excites the dangerous admiration of Henry. With much ingenuity Mr. Shiel weaves round this girl a court intrigue of amazing complexity:

Most of the five parties—the King's, the Queen's, Anne's, Du Ballay's, and Wolsey's—come to seize Bessie and Laura Ford, were astonished at the presence of all the others at the Bell.

They were nineteen: the King's three—Fitz, Mac, and Bonner; Du Ballay, with four French knights, on steeds caparisoned in goodly trappings with purples; hot-headed young Percy of Northumberland, sent by Anne, with three stout livery-men; the Condé Alvarada, with the ferocious huge Sir John Perrot and two Queen's-men; and, lastly, three blood-hounds of Wolsey, gentlemen of his bed-chamber, gallants famed for tilting at the quintain, running at the ring, or jousting in single combat.

Of all these, Alvarada alone knew that the girls were locked in a chamber, and where. The keys of the chamber he had in his doublet.

To these is soon added King Francis of France, whose aim is as sinister as that of Henry himself. Some three hundred pages of cut-and-thrust are consumed before Laura is safely united to a faithful student with whom in the early part of the book she has had a love scene of the most "passion-pale" sort. Here is a sample of the fighting:

They met; and at once with clattering *brusquerie* and spurts of sparks the engagement commenced, the white and whetted steel of Percy's slenderly-curved axe-blade operating fiercely, notching the sword of Alvarada, and cleaving his armour, every time. The defect, however, of the axe in armoured combat is its inability to pierce, its effect being for the most part flesh wounds—a defect which gave rise to the invention of the halberd; and at a moment when the cuirass of the Spaniard ran three streams of red, a sudden deft prick in the ribs caused Percy to close his spurs in an involuntary spasm: his mare leapt forward; as his sick left arm tore at her mouth, there was an ooze of blood from the elbow-joint; at that moment...

Cold Steel is not a fine book, but it has its fiery moments of imagination and force. We consider that if Mr. Shiel abandoned every master save his own literary conscience he might produce good work. His *Prince Zaleski* was decidedly no ordinary achievement.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

PARSON KELLY. By A. E. W. MASON AND ANDREW LANG.

This story of the period of the Pretender—to which Mr. Lang has brought much Jacobite erudition—opens in Paris in 1719. It is continued in the London of Steele and Addison and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The parson hero, who is an agent of the Pretender, makes a striking figure. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE WHITE DOVE.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

This novel, by the author of *Derebets*, shows how Ella Defries's love is contended for by a rising surgeon of cold, but sterling, virtues, and a hollow-hearted, raving apostle of Art. (John Lane. 6s.)

BENEATH THE MOON.

By DOLLY PENTREATH.

A melodramatic novel, hot with India and intrigue. The heroine is a fragile adventuress, whose husband, realising his perils, contrives to be drowned, and then Lady Eleanor begins adventuring in earnest. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

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The Ideal Circulating Library.

By a Reader.

IT is a curious fact that at the present time, when the doors of the twentieth century are soon to swing back to let the hurrying world rush through, we have no circulating library in London that is conducted upon "up to date" lines of modern commercial enterprise. We have, it is true, several long-established firms that let out books for a consideration, and these are admirably managed; but we, the reading public, have now reached a stage in our development at which the old-fashioned methods cannot supply our enlightened demands. Let me sketch a few of the characteristics of my ideal library, in the fond hope that the Twentieth Century will see it converted into a reality.

In the first place, the organiser must be a man who has fathomed the grand secret of success in trade. This is so simple that it may be told in three words—"Study your customer." Feel his pulse, anticipate his desires, supply his wants in the manner most easy and agreeable to himself. Pamper him, in short, and be sure that he will repay you. It will be news to many people that it was not always the custom for shops to send home their customers' purchases free of charge. A few enterprising tradesmen began the fashion, and the rest were soon compelled to follow suit. Provision merchants not only sent home goods, but called for orders daily, and found themselves well rewarded for their trouble. Only the big libraries held out, and still hold out. Once a week (in some cases twice) they contract to exchange books at their customers' houses and at their customers' expense. Fancy the blank astonishment of the British matron if Mr. Peter Robinson or Mr. Whiteley were to inform her that he would be happy to send home her purchases on a Friday—his regular day—but that he would be obliged to make an extra charge for portage. It may be objected that the cases are not on all fours, since the books are only hired, while the other goods are bought outright; but let the objector hire a bath, a lamp, or some crockery at any of our large stores, and the goods will not only be conveyed to him, but fetched away again free of charge. It is really a pathetic sight on a rainy, windy day to see middle-aged ladies struggling along New Oxford-street with a strapful of books, an umbrella, and a long skirt. The first big library that starts a motor van for each district that it serves, supplemented if necessary by tricycle carriers, and exchanges books daily at its customers' houses will win the public gratitude. At the present time there are, it should be mentioned, a few small libraries in connexion with stationers' shops whose proprietors send home customers' books, but the stock at these establishments consists, as a rule, almost entirely of novels, with a sprinkling of popular biographies and travels, and is of little use to the reader who desires to range over a wider field of literature.

The "back-stock" of the ideal circulating library should rival that of the London Library, while modern publications should be provided on the most liberal scale. The proprietor should clear his mind of red-tape, and discard

all obnoxious little charity-school rules. At most of the existing libraries the rules seem to be framed with a view to saving trouble to the *employés* instead of to the customers. Take one or two striking examples. It is, I believe, the rule at every big library that clients may not change books more than once a day. Of course, in a general way, they would not want to. But consider the hard case of a man who only subscribes for one book, and who, having taken it home, finds that he has already read it, or that he does not want to read it. Is he to be left for the whole of a possibly wet day and sleepless night without any fresh sustenance for his mind, or—to put it on the lowest grounds—any effectual antidote for his sordid worries? Another irksome rule ordains that no country reader may "break a set"; that is, if he wants to read a three-volume novel he may not have one volume at a time—he must take all or none. Now, when a Londoner goes into the country for his holiday, he becomes a country customer for the time being, and subject to country rules. If, just before starting, he has read the first two volumes of a novel, and desires to take the third with him, he is obliged to saddle himself with the two volumes already read. This rule is less irksome now than formerly, because the three-volume novel is practically dead; but there are plenty of old books by such writers as Mr. Gissing and Mr. Henry James which are still alive, but which can only be obtained at the libraries in three-volume editions.

Again, a customer desiring an early opportunity of reading a book which is in considerable demand may put his name down for it at the libraries, but only on condition that he leaves a volume in pawn. Now, this is mere pandering to the big subscribers. The rich man whose subscription entitles him to ten or twelve volumes at a time, can always afford to leave one or two in pawn, and thus carries off all the new publications. The poor man, who only subscribes for one or two volumes, has never one to spare, and consequently seldom obtains a book until it is from four to six months old, which is like getting Saturday's loaf on Monday morning. The system of putting down names of applicants to be dealt with in turn would be perfectly fair if it were not accompanied by a demand for a hostage. But without that condition, say the authorities, the system would involve too much trouble. Trouble to whom? To the *employés*. The convenience of customers should be taken into account.

The proprietors of most of our important libraries ignore the immense floating population of London, which wants to hire books by the night, the week, or the month. As a rule, subscriptions cannot be taken out for less than three months, the small profits and quick returns so dear to the heart of all practical tradesmen being entirely disdained. The virtuous librarian of my dreams would arrange a separate department for clients who desired to subscribe for a shorter period than three months. No doubt the working of such a department would give a good deal of "trouble," but in any other lines of business the fear of trouble does not prevent tradesmen from letting out their goods by the night. It would be rather hard upon the hospitably-inclined if they were unable to hire plate, palms, and rout-seats for a period of less than three months!

A few years ago the libraries combined to boycott the three-volume novel published at a guinea-and-a-half. They insisted that all novels should be published in one volume at 6s. or 3s. 6d. There was a tacit agreement that the libraries would take so many more copies at these reduced prices that the trade would suffer no loss, while the reading public would benefit enormously. The actual result of the bargain has been that authors, booksellers, and the patrons of circulating libraries are all worse off than they were six years ago. The ideal library of the future, having raked in all the custom, would be able to compel the publishers to follow the good example set by foreign firms, and issue books in paper covers at half-a-

crown, or thereabouts. As soon as these covers became soiled or torn, a limited number of copies of each work that was thought worthy of the honour could be cheaply bound (by the libraries) in plain, strong covers. This seems to be the method practised at Rolandi's, and other foreign circulating libraries. Twice or four times a year there should be a sale of surplus unbound copies at a uniform price of one shilling. The volumes should be conveniently arranged, for the inspection of customers, on long trestles. Every big draper recognises the advantage of letting people (more especially women) turn over goods upon the counter. Purchases through the post consist of necessities only, but purchases in a shop, at bargain time, consist of opportunities seized and temptations yielded to. Another leaf which the libraries should take out of the book of the big drapers is the tea-room. This should be well supplied with comfortable chairs and illustrated papers, and on each of the little tables should lie a monthly list of new books and a pencil, so that customers could read and mark while drinking their tea.

Descriptive Art.

IN the January number of the *National Review* Miss J. H. Findlater writes interestingly on "The Art of Narration." Her main point is, that descriptive writing has made more marked advance of late years than almost any other form of literature. "The change is from prolixity to brevity; from colourless detail to vivid outline; from long words to short ones." Miss Findlater's examples of the old and new styles of description are happily chosen. She aptly contrasts an old and a new writer in the following passages:

Sir Walter Scott.

The Cheviots rose before me in frowning majesty; not, indeed, with the sublime variety of rock and cliff which characterises mountains of the primary class, but huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining by their extent and desolate appearance an influence upon the imagination which possessed a character of its own.

Here, of course, the advantage is with the later writer, but we shall have a word to say on the value of such comparisons. Meanwhile, we are glad to see that Miss Findlater is alive to the young vices as well as the maturing virtues of the new school. She deprecates the method which relies too much on "words which express themselves." Such words are rarely classical, and they produce a sense of violence. They are expensive, in the old sense, and the best proof that they are in the long run ineffective is that they tire the reader. In *The Red Badge of Courage* Miss Findlater finds many examples of this assertive writing: "His canteen banged rhythmically, and his haversack bobbed softly. . . . The purple darkness was filled with men who jabbered. . . . The ground was cluttered with men. . . . A spatter of musketry. . . . His knees wobbled," &c.

Another doubtful method is the *staccato*. As Miss Findlater says: "Nothing is easier. The method is simple. It presents no difficulties. It is distinct. It appeals to many. It is new." The growing use of simile in description is, perhaps, too incautiously approved by Miss Findlater. We agree that a few similes may easily double the force of a descriptive passage; but Miss Findlater does not seem to recognise that here also many come to grief. A simile must be absolutely right to be acceptable: it must be accurate, and it must enlighten the reader swiftly

Mr. Kipling.

The animal delight of that roaring day of sun and wind will live long in our memory—the rifted purple flank of Lackawee, the long vista of the lough darkening as the shadows fell; the smell of a new country, and the tearing wind that brought down mysterious voices of men from somewhere high above us.

and graciously. We have noticed a strong tendency to drag in similes where none are needed, and to aim at clever juxtaposition of remote and unfamiliar things. We discussed this subject last October in connexion with Mr. Capes's fine novel, *Our Lady of Darkness*. Mr. Capes is of the new school of narration, and his enterprise is beyond praise; but we found him saying of a girl who was skimming cream: "The tips of her fingers budded through the white, like nibs of rhubarb through melting snow." Very likely they did, but it was scarcely wise or helpful to say so. Mr. Capes also wrote: "The girl stood solid on end, like a pocket of hops," which is simile run wild. Not that simile may never be pushed into new regions; but there is a discretion. Mr. Kipling is justified of this: "The weather was glorious—a blazing sun, and a light swell to which the cruisers rolled lazily, as hounds roll on the grass at a check." Of the following simile-laden passage from *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* Miss Findlater thinks: "Description can no further go."

There had not been such a winter for years. It came on in stealthy and measured glides, like the moves of a chess-player. One morning the few lonely trees and the thorns of the hedgerow appeared as if they had put off a vegetable for an animal integument. Every twig was covered with a white nap, as of fur grown from the rind during the night, giving it four times its usual dimensions; the whole bush or the tree forming a staring sketch in white lines on the mournful grey of the sky and horizon. Cobwebs revealed their presence on sheds and walls where none had ever been observed till brought out into visibility by the crystallising atmosphere—hanging like loops of white worsted from salient points of the outhouses, posts, and gates.

This is good description. But is it better than the following passage, which has no similes, in *Eothen*? Kinglake is describing the desert march of a caravan:

You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. . . . No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern, and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering time marches on, and by and by the descending Sun has compassed the Heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

What we miss most in Miss Findlater's paper is a sense of the comparative unimportance of descriptive writing. She concludes her paper by expressing the belief that the younger men of the new school of writing may yet produce classics. True, but Miss Findlater has been talking about little beyond style, as applied to descriptions of scenery; and it is certain that this is not a basis of immortality. The masterpieces of fiction take their rank by virtue of qualities which are hardly hinted at in Miss Findlater's paper. In fact, to discuss the art of description apart from creation and insight is a rather dangerous proceeding. Mr. Crane's book, for instance, has substance and insight, and these are more important to it than its diction. Novels are not judged by their backgrounds. They live by their interpretations of human character, and that is why Scott's interpolated descriptions do not matter, and are even liked for their placidity. As candidates for the classical shelves, our young writers need something before style; even thought, penetration, and abundance.

The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

On the Abuse of Dialect.

A WRITER in the ACADEMY has justly given high praise to *On Trial* as a work of art, prophesying that in years to come, when the popular fourth-rate novels of the moment are forgotten, the work of "Zack" and of Walter Raymond will be remembered. But to the West Country-man there is a wide difference between these two writers. The author of *Two Men o' Mendip* must be "Zummerzet" born and bred, and it would seem to be an absolute impossibility for him to make a mistake in the dialect. He can probably think in it with as much ease as in modern English. The village folk in his tender idylls and sombre tragedies are therefore convincing, not only by reason of their strongly-drawn characteristics and individuality, but also because their speech is true to nature. The charm of their quaint sayings goes straight home to the hearts of all dwellers in the West, and although it may be contended that this does not add to the literary or artistic value of the stories, I cannot but think that the writing of fiction in a dialect which never existed, save in the imagination of the author, must in some measure detract from their value.

It is in this respect that "Zack," with so many others, offends. The others do not matter. It is not necessary to read their novels. But it is a real loss when the power and beauty of a work are made as nought by the unskilful handling of the dialect. *Life is Life* contains fewer errors than *On Trial*, though the reader will be brought up sharply now and again by some Midland or North-country expression never heard in the West. As a rule the swing of the dialect is true, and that is the chief thing. But in *On Trial* it is all wrong. The groundwork certainly is Devon, and there is a hint of Somerset which is also admissible in an Exmoor story. But why will "Zack" scatter over her pages such words as "happen," "main," "liefer," and "alles"? The last is particularly aggravating, and its continual occurrence is enough in itself to destroy the Devonshire atmosphere of the book. It should be either "alwes" or "alwa-a-ys," with the accent on the second syllable. The negatives, too, betray the unpractised ear. "Her'll no profit" may be Scotch, but it is not Devonshire.

These are a few isolated examples, and may seem of small account, but to a West Country reader the murdering of his beloved dialect is as irritating as the murdering of the Queen's English must be to one who has a keen delight in style. "Zack" is not dependent on any one form of expression. She is an artist, and should work in a medium she understands. She can write pure English, even if she cannot master the Devonshire dialect, and will, perhaps, one day give us an unspoiled work of art.

Blackmore and Walter Raymond are unrivalled in their use of the West Country speech, and for an example of the restrained suggestion of dialect Hardy's Wessex folk are unapproachable. The author never tortures the language with strange spelling, making it difficult for the uninitiated to understand; and yet by little turns of speech he suggests the intonation and the rhythm which, after all, are the chief features of dialect.

M. H.

The Topography of Reading.

Nor the reading of topography. Oh, no! I mean the topography of one's own reading. I speak of that charming association which links a good book to the place where one first read it. Only yesterday, in walking down Holborn, I saw a copy of Mr. Tarver's *Life and Letters of Gustave Flaubert* offered as part of a "remainder" for 2s.

I bought it. In 1895 I had borrowed this book from Mudie's, and I see now the little heath, with its brambles and sandpits, and its little overflowing ponds that made skies in the grass, where I read the burning, sensuous thoughts and flashing atheisms of the author of *Salammbô*. Hugo, the Goncourts, Chateaubriand, were with me, and it seemed that only Frenchmen could write. A couple of horses, out to graze, moved off slowly as I read, and seemed always gravely keeping their distance. Over yonder hedge stretched the miles of Essex marsh; beyond these the Maplin Sands, and then the blue, dangerous sea, with the light-ships.

Seldom is the topography of reading logical or appropriate. Therein lies its charm. I first read Jane Austen in the window-seat of a Cornish farmhouse on a wild day. Cape Cornwall loomed out of the wrack, and retired; and, far away over the Atlantic, rain-storms moved slowly, like squadrons on a plain. I wonder whether my preference of Ann Elliot over all Jane Austen's heroines was assured in that hour?

Such experiences are the marriages of the mind, and they never fade. Never do I think of Carlyle but I am walking up and down a York playground. Down there, over the lawn, a football match is writhing. But I walk up and down with my book—my head in the clouds—and the Minster bells, chiming the quarter, set golden accents on the words of the Sage: "Came it never over thee like the gleam of preternatural eternal Oceans, like the voice of old Eternities, far-sounding through thy heart of hearts?"

W.

Inkhorn Terms.

No doubt Stevenson's work is responsible for a good deal of the *made writing* of the present day, as the contributor of the article in the ACADEMY for this week seems to suggest. But the practice of *fine writing* is of tolerable antiquity, and one can guess how such work will be valued in the future when one looks back, for instance, on the work of the Euphuists which followed John Lyly's famous book three hundred years ago. One cannot help deploring that there should be such a lack of thought in the work of Stevenson's imitators, for he never descended to mere verbiage. The following passage in Thomas Wilson's *System of Rhetoric*, published in 1553, might be quoted and practised, I think, with some effect at the present time:

Among other lessons, this should first be learned: that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive they were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerks will say that they speak in their mother tongue if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English.

JAMES POSTLETHWAITE.

Superfine English,

THE article on "Made Writing" in the ACADEMY for this week reminds one of a comment on R. L. Stevenson's work which appeared in one of the daily newspapers at the time of his death. The writer claimed that Stevenson had even influenced the journalist, who now found time to put some finish into his work. It was a good influence—for there is some truth in the contention—but it is to be feared that it also had some doubtful effects. Stevenson, who loved to write about his work, has been the cause of sending a whole host of young men down a remarkably steep place, somewhat with the same result as did John Lyly three hundred years ago with his *Euphuus*. The man who has something to say is in no danger of making such a descent, but the mere stylist seems to follow Lewis Carroll's advice to "Take care of the sound and the sense will take care of itself" with a result such as you instance. A. BARTON.

Correspondence.

"Bulks Largely."

SIR,—As my use of the words "bulks largely" in *That Reminds Me* has been twice mentioned in your columns, I beg leave to say—though I am not enamoured of the phrase, and though I know that anyone who writes in a newspaper is expected to lie down under any reproach of bad English—that I find the use of "bulk" as a verb accepted without question in Murray's Dictionary. It is there attributed to writers who wrote in 1672, 1725, 1832, 1859 respectively; and among these is Carlyle, who wrote "bulked much larger." If the objection is to the adverb "largely" I fail to see that the use of it is more offensive than that of the adjective; and, if that matters, the adverb may seem to some more grammatical.—I am, &c.,

EDWARD RUSSELL.

The *Daily Post*, Victoria-street, Liverpool:
Jan. 2, 1900.

[Our objection to the phrase "bulks largely" had reference to Sir Edward Russell's context, in which cynicism was said to bulk largely in table stories. We think that the phrase "bulks largely" becomes incorrect when applied to an abstract quality like cynicism. A man may bulk largely in the dark; cotton goods may bulk largely in our exports; but surely cynicism cannot bulk largely anywhere.—ED. ACADEMY.]

Quintuple Rhythm.

SIR,—Will you allow me to ask some of your readers who are learned in the subject of poetical rhythms if there are any examples in English verse of the quintuple rhythm which is often effectively used by musical composers, and notably by Tschaiakowsky in his "Symphony Pathétique"?

I do not know if the experiment has been tried or if it is worth trying.

In the doggerel I send you the beats are, I think, fairly correct, at any rate.

"Hear how merrily monks sing,"

Cnut King calls.

"Row we cheerily, comrades,
Near their halls."

"Can we emulate their love
For their heavenly King?
Can we raise our souls till they
Likewise sing?"

—I am, &c.,
Belfast: Dec. 25, 1899.

CHABREZ.

"How Soldiers Fight."

SIR,—While in no sense objecting to the general tenour of your critic's strictures on my book, *How Soldiers Fight*, I would like to correct a false impression he appears to suggest as to the reason why it saw the light—to wit, my desire to catch the pennies of people who gloat over the present South African horror. As one who, maugre "an enthusiasm for 'blugginess,'" has sacrificed material gain to his aversion from our unhappy policy in the Cape, I think I have the right to ask you to allow me to deny this.

How Soldiers Fight, slight as the volume is, and whatever its shortcomings may be, represents not less than thirteen years' study of the history of warfare and its science. The writing of it was commenced in the year 1897; several of the articles (including that containing the phrases which your critic quotes) appeared in a popular magazine in the spring of 1898; and the whole book as it now stands was in the hands of the publisher at least three months before hostilities were declared between this country and the Boer Republics.—I am, &c.,

Jan. 7, 1900.

F. NORREYS CONNELL.

The S. S. McClure Co.

SIR,—In your issue of January 6 it is stated that Mr. Walter H. Page, formerly of the *Atlantic Monthly*, together with other gentlemen whom you mention, is to become a member of the S. S. McClure Company. Permit me to say that these statements are entirely erroneous and quite misleading. There has been no change in the membership of the S. S. McClure Company, and no change is contemplated. Neither is the firm's name to be changed, in any way, as you state. Your paragraph, doubtless, refers to the operation of another concern.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT MCCLURE.

10, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 16 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize for the best application of an anagram to verse after a model which we supplied. We have received a large number of replies, but the task of awarding the Guinea has been unusually easy. It goes to the Rev. Roslyn Bruce, St. Ann's Rectory, Soho-square, W. Mr. Bruce's anagram-verse is as follows

Nay, great Kháyyám! a power more strong than wine
Controls earth's empires and the heavens above:
Thus Hamelin's piper sang of some divine
She-rat, which stirred the he-rats' hearts to Love.

Among other attempts are these:

Thou Muse, who rulest verse and trope,
May'st shed a lustre on my name,
Thou lurest me, e'en me, with hope
Of fair result to purse and fame.

[I. H. T., British Museum.]

Pedantic Muse! why dost thou bore us so
In artful anagram to robe our thought,
While Boer and British still give blow for blow,
And "Cantuar" and "Ebor" help us naught?
And yet the brave who bear War's bitterest tests
Have time for other games, and life for laughtrous jests.

[H. A. W., Portobello.]

If Art prove cruel, and appear too proud,
Make lure God, and pander to the crowd:
Let some Thersites play the hero's rôle,
And bare to all the ulcer of his soul.

[F. E. W., London.]

Ah! had I time, my teeming brain
Should countless anagrams emit,
And not an item prove unfit
Its mite of eulogy to gain.

[M. A. W., Watford.]

That wise son of Levi, of whom Browning told,
Could live his life bravely, and bravely grow old;
He saw through the veil God's purpose revealed,
And evil and good were two sides of one shield.

[H. M. S., Manchester.]

The heart of earth is glad because of spring,
Fierce hater she of winter's cold and dearth,
The rathe primrose and the violet sing
With fragrant breath to herald the new birth.

[A. L., London.]

My fame will flame aloft when pales
Your ineffectual fire;
To steal the least of your stale tales
Is far from my desire!

[R. B. J., West Kensington.]

These silent counsellors with patience wait,
Not decked in tinsel, but adorned with gold,
Symbol of words we listen to, elate,
That enlist the mind, while treasures they unfold.

[SCOTIA.]

The ablest poet he whose fluent style
On tables broad can show the stable strength
Of massy peaks, whose fronts the lightning dare,
But paints with skill no less sweet Chloe's smile
For piping Corydon, who lolls at length,
Of bleats of thorn-caught ewe-lambs unaware.

[F. H. B.]

Mastering his pride, sets out King James,
With followers few, down streaming Thames.
Like emigrants, they all repair
To breathe St. Germain's sheltering air.

Replies received also from: J. D. A. Ealing; J. E. Y. Kilburn; W. S. Buxton; G. M. P. Birmingham; T. E. O. Brighton; E. B. Liverpool; J. B. W. Hove; S. B. Malvern; G. E. M. London; Rev. R. McC. Whitby; M. G. B. London; J. P. B. B. Liverpool; E. B. Liverpool; A. F. Sutton; K. P. Bangor; J. O. F. Elmdon; L. W. London; T. C. Buxton; D. M. S. S. London; K. de M. London; B. P. London; E. F. S. Bristol; A. S. Edinburgh; K. K. Belfast; H. G. H. Whitby; E. G. B. Liverpool; F. L. London; H. B. R. Bradford; M. F. L. Stafford; P. A. K. Dalkeith; A. B. C. London; H. H. C. Lee; J. A. B. Birmingham; H. C. H. Manchester; J. L. H. West Norwood; Miss G. Reigate; T. M. Oundle; Miss C. London.

Prize Competition No. 17 (New Series).

This week we return to more serious work. In a recent issue of the ACADEMY, a contributor to our "Amateur Critic" page, referring to a new edition of Earle's *Microcosmography* in the "Temple Classics" series, wrote:

"It is to be hoped that this admirable gallery of seventeenth century character studies will have an extended popularity. Now is the time for some modern Theophrastus to arise and give us a new series of characters of our age. I venture to submit the following titles for some of the word-portraits of modern literary characters: 'The Good Authors-Agent,' 'The Virtuous Publisher,' 'A Roaring Journalist,' 'The Downright Lady-Novelist,' 'A Very Laureate,' 'A Mere Dull Contributor,' and 'A Grub-street Phantastique.'"

We offer a guinea for the best character-sketch of the kind indicated. It should not be imitative of Earle's archaic style, on the contrary it should be modern in subject and tone.

Freedom of choice is given in the selection of a "character." We have no objection to competitors using the subjects suggested by our contributor.

The length of a character-sketch must not exceed 200 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 16. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 40 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

CHATTERTON: A BIOGRAPHY.

By DAVID MASSON.

Forty-four years have passed since this biography was first published as part of a collection of essays. It has long been out of print, and is now re-issued in a handsome volume, revised throughout, with the concluding chapter much enlarged. It is a good and sympathetic piece of work, none the worse for a certain old-fashioned air that hovers about its leisurely pages. As in his *Life of Milton*, Prof. Masson suggests the atmosphere of the time, and the conditions of the period in which Chatterton lived out his brief, unhappy life. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE.

By R. W. TRINE.

This is one of those helpful, sympathetic little books about the conduct of life and the reality of the unseen world that are a particular characteristic of America. Their parent is Emerson; they champion no creed; they seek to unravel the "golden thread that runs through every religion in the world," and they are widely read. The volume is printed from the twenty-first American edition. Mr. Trine writes in clear, straightforward language, and his book makes for happiness and contentment. (Bell. 3s. 6d.)

AN ETHICAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

By WALTER L. SHELDON.

This sketch of an ethical Sunday-school will be studied by social workers interested in the young. The Sunday-school in question is at St. Louis, and the feature of the teaching is that boys and girls are first grounded in the rules of morality. "It has not been our purpose in any way definitely to antagonise religious beliefs. But instead of beginning our teaching with talks about 'God,' this latter feature comes in . . . at the end of the course, about the time when the young people are passing on into young manhood and young womanhood." The foundation of the teaching is a catechism, or "responsive exercise." The subjects illustrated in this sketch—it is confessedly no more—include the Bible, Habits, Home, the State, Religious Beliefs, &c. A suggestive little book, full of a new spirit. (Sonnenschein. 3s.)

THE AGE OF JOHNSON.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

This book takes its place in the excellent series of "Handbooks of English Literature" which includes Dr. Garnett's *The Age of Dryden* and Mr. John Dennis's *The Age of Pope*. Mr. Seccombe's qualifications for treating of eighteenth century literature are well established, and he brings to his task feeling as well as knowledge. Thus he deprecates the cold-shouldering which the eighteenth century has received from a long line of able critics who "have denounced the age unsparingly as dull and unprincipled, ugly and brutal." As to dulness, Mr. Seccombe thinks the allegation is arrived at "by the same process that many Englishmen pronounce German literature stupid, and by which George III. doubtless decided that much of Shakespeare was 'sad stuff.'" The period covered by Mr. Seccombe is 1748-1798; the book is written on the orderly plan of its predecessors, and concludes with a useful chronological table. (Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

A DIVIDEND TO LABOUR.

By NICHOLAS PAINE GILMAN.

Profit-sharing systems, called in the United States Employers' Welfare Societies, are among the most significant of modern developments in commerce. Mr. Gilman's book is, as far as we know, the first survey of such systems in Germany, France, Holland and Belgium, Great Britain, and America. The book is an intelligent account of the rise of humane and "moralised" relations between employers and workers, and its interest for both these classes at the present day is great. The particulars given about many English firms are both minute and readable. (Gay & Bird. 7s. net.)

In addition to the above, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

8 seasons (F.), Isaiah (Headley) 3/6
Ellis (J.), Tools for the Master's Work (Alenson) 1/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Ruskin (John), On the Old Road, 2 vols. (Reprints) (Allen) each net 5/0
Earle (W.), Thought Sketches (Allen) net 10/6
H. B. Lambkin's Remains (Vincent) 2/3
Lingham (H. C. J.), The Last Hours of a Lion Heart
(Melville, Mullen, & Slade)
Thorpe (Elphinstone), Lyrics from Lazyland (Glasner) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Fanderson (Edgar), Historic Parallels to L'Affaire Dreyfus (Hutchinson) 6/0
Wilson (H. W.), The Downfall of Spain (Sampson Low)
B-sant (Annie), The Story of the Great War: Some Lessons from the
Mahābhārata (Theosoph. Pub. Soc.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Catholic Directory, 1900 (Burns & Oates) net 1/6
Hinshelwood (James), Letter, Word, and Mind-Blindness (Lewis) 3/0
Geldart (Rev. E.), A Manual of Church Decoration and Symbolism
(Mowbray & Co.) net 10/6
Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation (Murray) net 5/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Chiswick Shakespeare: Winter's Tale, King John (Bell)
Arber (Edward), Spenser Anthology (Frowde) 2/6
Bunsell (Rev. M.), Altar Flowers (Gill & Son)
A Soldier, True Stories of South Africa (Burlingame) 4/6
Larger Temple Shakespeare: Vols. V. and VI. (Dent) each net 4/6

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Grange, 1847—Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1861—Moore's Alps in 1864—
Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1848—Crowe's Painting in Italy, 3
vols., 1864-71—King Glumpus: an Interlude, 1827. Rare Books
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Professor of Zoology, R.I.—First of TWELVE LECTURES
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 18th, 5 p.m., at ST. MARTIN'S
TOWN HALL, Charing Cross, the following Paper will be read:

"THE DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE between
ENGLAND and RUSSIA in the FIRST HALF
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